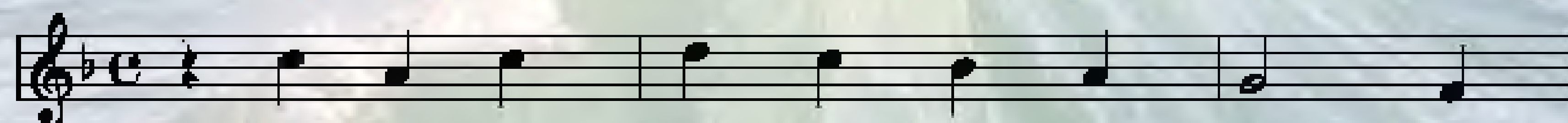
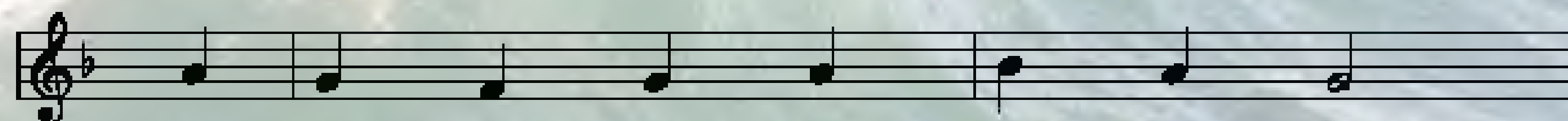
501

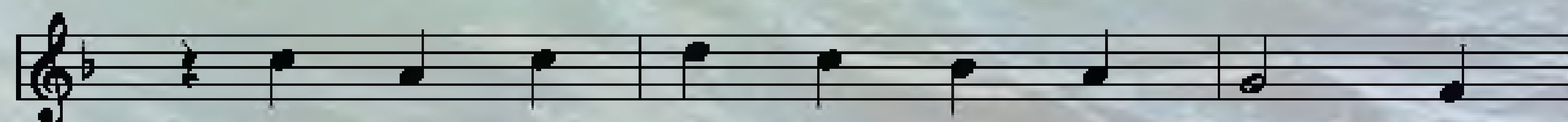
Ek het, toe wilde storms gewoed het



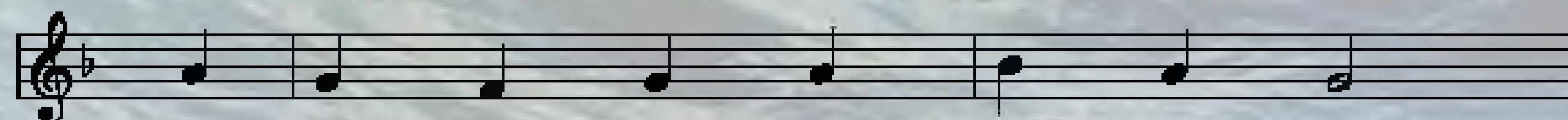
Ek het, toe wil - de storms ge-woed het,



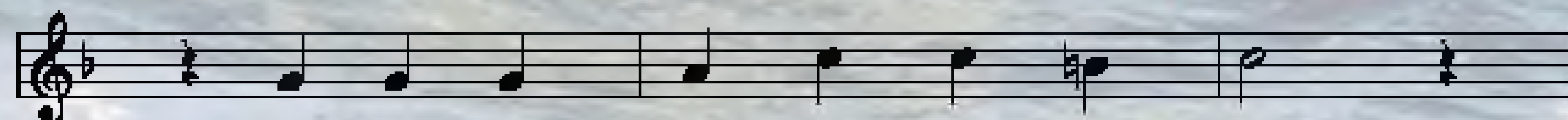
diep on - der, vas - te rots ge - vind.



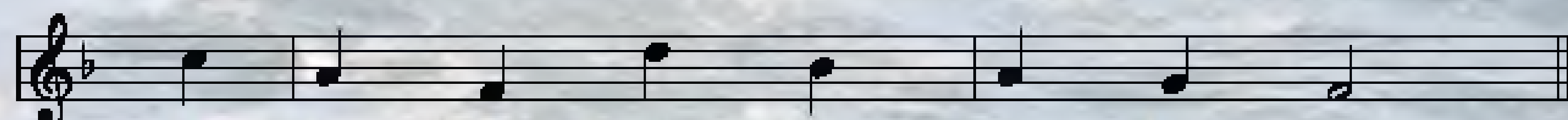
Die woord wat my van ramp be - hoed het:



God is my Va - der; ek sy kind.



My an - ker is dáár vas - ge - maak



ek glo! niks sal dit los laat raak.

1 2

X Lied :

2

Dié vastigheid het die Getroue,
my Heiland, met sy dood gelê.
Ek is Gods kind en in vertroue
kan ek dit glo; sal ek dit sê.
Al kom daar onweerswolke aan,
die woord is vas: Die rots bly staan.